Essex County Herald.

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Love's Reasons.

Why do I love my darling so?
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,
I have such store of reasons:
'Twould take me all a summer day—
Nay, saying half that I could say
Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,
My dove, who quietly hath flown
To me as to her haven?
Because her hair is soft and laid,
Madonna-wise in simple braid,
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,
But softly warm as roses—
Dear lips that chasten while they move,
Lips that a man may dare to love,
Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so tender and so light,
That where her slender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"
Beneath its spell might linger?

Ah, me! what know or what care I?
Or what hath love to do with "why?"
How simple is the reason!
I love her, for she is my love,
And shall while stars shall shine above,
And season follow season.

CAPTIVITY IN SIBERIA.

Alexander I., Emperor of Russia—he who took part in the great European war against Napoleon—died after a short illness at Taganrog, December 1, 1825. His decease caused some political confusion. Alexander had no son, but he had three younger brothers, Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, and the eldest, Constantine, was the rightful successor. In a deed, however, dated in 1822, Constantine had renounced his right; so that at Alexander's death, the succession fell to the next brother, Nicholas; but as he was unpopular, the opinion was industriously circulated that Constantine's renunciation had been obtained by force. There was accordingly considerable opposition to the accession of Nicholas, and several regiments became compromised, not only as adherents to Constantine, but as being connected with certain secret societies who sought to promote a reform in state policy. A tumult ensued, which led to bloodshed and stern measures of repression.

It was altogether an ill-managed affair, and was not followed by a soothing course of policy on the part of the victors. Many of the conspirators—for so they were called—were taken prisoners, and subjected to exile in Siberia. What that punishment infers is pretty well known, from the pathetic tale of Madame Cottin. The banishment to this wild Asiatic region is no light matter. Some of the exiles are doomed to hard labor in the mines; others are put to less laborious but compulsory occupations; and a third class are settled in specified districts under surveillance of the police, and allowed to employ themselves as they please.

Among the unfortunate prisoners on the occasion referred to was the young and spirited Baron Rosen, who, on being taken from his family, was kept in a species of guard-room in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where he remained fourteen days without a bed, and almost without food. Then, after some trivial examinations, he was transferred, blindfold, to the fortress, and immured in the darkest cell, as if he had been the vilest of criminals. Subject to occasional examinations, and permitted at times to write a few lines to his wife, Rosen experienced horrid doubts as to what was to be his fate. Often, to beguile the dreariness of his imprisonment, he sang songs expressive of his feelings and of love for his country. In a state too wretched to be described, Rosen was confined for several months, and then, without any regular trial, he was condemned to ten years' forced labor and perpetual banishment to Siberia. For a large number of his comrades, the sentence was slightly modified. Several were condemned to death. All had the indignity of being stripped of their uniforms, and having their swords broken over their heads by the public executioner.

Rosen's banishment did not take place immediately. He was recommitted to the fortress of St. Petersburg; and being kept in a cell better lighted than the one he formerly occupied, and allowed the solace of books, his sufferings were in a degree softened. Every ten days he was allowed to walk on the ramparts, which he esteemed a luxury, but the greatest of his alleviations consisted in being permitted to read the novels of Sir Walter Scott, which he devoured with the greatest delight.

In this sort of life the prisoners remained till taken away in detachments of five at a time under an escort to Siberia. On one occasion, Baron Rosen's wife was allowed to have an interview with him in the house of the commandant. It was a sorrowful meeting. She brought her infant son, six weeks old. The parting can be imagined; the distracted wife wished to give a thousand roubles in bank-notes to her husband; but the gift was refused as unnecessary, and all he would take was a large waterproof cloak of gray cloth, with fur, to shelter him from rain and cold on the dismal journey that lay before him.

After being confined more than a year, and with health broken down by the damp air of the cells, the time came for departure on the long journey of 6,600 versts, or 4,125 English miles, to Siberia. It was at midnight, in the depth of winter, that five sledges were in attendance to receive the Baron and several of his equally miserable companions. There was a ceremony to perform before mounting the sledges. A chain was fixed by rings and a padlock on the ankles of the respective convicts, who, by means of a cord from the girdle, could sustain the chain, so as to allow of restrained movement. All being prepared, the sledges set out under a proper escort, by the light of the moon and stars. The air was dreadfully cold, but was at first felt to be refreshing after the long confinement. All were wrapped in warm furs, and with bunches of dry hay stuffed round their feet to prevent frost-bite.

As the different stations were reached, the travelers were transferred to fresh sledges that were waiting for them; and thus, night and day, with but slight intervals of rest, the journey was a continuous trot or gallop. It was only after many days, when arriving at Rybinsk, that the party was allowed to rest for a few hours. All the beds in the station, however, were occupied, and the tired travelers were fain to lie down on the floor. Again, the cortege set out, passing along at a great rate through towns and villages, in each sledge there being a guard of one or two gendarmes; the whole under the direction of a Feldjager—a coarse species of ruffian, who abused and cheated the postmaster, and beat the postillions with his sword, when they did not come up to his notions of speed. By cruel overdriving, seven horses fell dead on the journey to Tobolsk, which was reached on the twenty-second of February, after being seventeen days out. From this place, the stations were of a more homely kind, being mostly cottages belonging to peasants, who showed various acts of kindness to the exiles. Arriving at Krasnojarsk, where the sledges were mounted with wheels, the captain of police was so considerate as to allow a benevolent old merchant to receive the party into his house, and treat them to a bath, with other comforts, of which they stood in need. The Feldjager having now left them, they traveled more slowly, and with a greater degree of ease. Yet, dangers had to be encountered. The cortege had to cross rivers on the ice, each sledge carrying planks to lay across the fissures, over which the hardy Siberian horses were skilled in leaping with singular agility. On one occasion the Baron's conveyance was upset in passing down a mountain steep, and being unable to extricate himself in consequence of his chains, his life was put in extreme jeopardy.

The tedious and distressing journey came to a termination at Tschita, a place situated on the upper waters of the Amoor, which then in its lower course was a Chinese river, but is now included in the Russian empire. Here, at the prison, all the party were deprived of such trinkets and other objects of value as they had about them. From Baron Rosen's neck were taken a small portrait of his wife, a locket containing the hair of his parents, and a small packet of much cherished earth from the home of his birth. The officer who committed this miserable robbery, demanded a gold ring which he saw on the Baron's finger. The answer was: "It is my wedding-ring, and you can only have it by taking the finger also." The ring was spared; and soon afterwards, by order of a superior official, the portrait was restored.

The prison was a wooden hut surrounded by a courtyard, in which the exiles were permitted to air themselves daily, and walk about as they best could in their fetters. In this species of seclusion, and on no pretence allowed to write letters to their friends, they remained till the end of May, when the ground having thawed and the weather improved, the exiles were put to regular outdoor labor, in digging the foundations for a new prison. Thirty, the full number in the place, were at first so occupied. Other parties who had been lodged in various quarters afterwards arrived, and the whole, when the prison was complete, were lodged together under a strong guard. The rooms were small, the beds consisted of boards with rugs and furs; the air at night was oppressive, and the only amusement indulged in was singing and playing at chess. From cards, the universal resource in Russia, there was a discreet abstinence, in order to avoid the contentions that might possibly ensue. It does not appear that in the ordinary routine of prison life there was any exercise of positive cruelty by the warders and other officials. Life was only cheerless and well-nigh hopeless.

Cases of official indulgence were at times heard of. Government orders had been issued to prevent wives following their husbands, but there were instances of ladies of rank overlooking all obstacles, and traveling thousands of miles to try to reach their husbands and live with them in the midst of the most revolting circumstances. In the work in which the Baron narrates the story of his captivity—recently translated and published—we are told of the Princess Catherine Trubetzkey, who followed her husband to Siberia, and asked permission to join him in the common criminal barrack, without servants or the comforts to which she had been accustomed. The request was with some hesitation granted, and only on condition that she renounced by a written declaration her rights of nobility. She renounced everything, and solely with a view of alleviating her husband's hard fate, followed him when he was carried from station to station, bound with cords, as if he had been a malefactor. Some other instances of the extraordinary devotedness of wives, which we have not space to notice, are related in this interesting work.

The method of living among the imprisoned exiles was in time ameliorated by the receipt of money from their friends; the richer helping the poorer by contributions to improve the general mess. All took a part in daily duties. Some—on one occasion a prince—performed the duty of cook, and some acted as tailors and shoemakers. In the evenings, some tried to give entertainments by lecturing on scientific and other subjects, or by teaching languages to their comrades. A few being good musicians, a kind of concert was attempted, the part taken by the Baron at these musical treats being that of player on the flageolet. At length, newspapers in various languages were permitted to be introduced; and, finally, as an immense act of grace, the emperor authorized the chains to be removed from the legs of the prisoners. This relief, of course, suggested thoughts of trying to escape—but whither? The military guards might be overpowered; if so, the route was open to China; but on presenting themselves at the frontier the refugees would most likely be seized and given up, when their fate would be materially aggravated. It was accordingly resolved to submit and trust to the chance of a pardon and ultimate restoration to home and friends.

So life went on for nearly four years when the detenus were ordered off to Petrowski, a distance of forty-eight days' journey. They marched in two divisions along the road, over hill and dale, lodging at night in the felt tents of the nomad Burjats, whose habits excited considerable curiosity. In the course of the journey, the Baron was overtaken by his wife, who had made interest to share his captivity, but only by undergoing the pang of leaving her child behind with some relativas. It was a joyful meeting, and they marched on together. Three or four other ladies—princesses and countesses—were with their husbands, sharing their fatigues and privations. In the prison at Petrowski, the married pairs were allowed separate cells, which, besides being cold, were so dark that candles had to be burnt even at noon. At this place of detention, the convicts labored at road-making, digging in gardens, turning hand-mills, and working at carpentry. For amusement, there was a resumption of the concerts, and reading of books and newspapers. A few of the more mechanically inclined exiles gave useful assistance at adjoining ironworks.

The Baron lived at Petrowski until 1832, his wife in the interval increasing the family by several children. His period of prison life with forced labor had been ten years; but for some reason not explained, his term was limited to six years. Then came his removal to Kurgan, in the government of Tobolsk, requiring a painful journey of above 2,600 miles, but with the advantage of being so far in a homeward direction.

Kurgan, a town of 2,000 inhabitants, which has long been a depot for exiles of note, was reached on the 18th September, 1832; and the family, under the cognisance of the police, found a place of residence, for which, until the next fair, some articles of furniture were lent by neighbors, who kindly added a present of bread and salt. Life at Kurgan proved an entirely different thing from what had hitherto been endured. There was no forced labor. The political convicts lived as they pleased amidst a wonderfully agreeable society; the free higher-class Russians in the place, as well as police officials, interchanging visits and hospitalities with the exiles. The Baron informs us that the hospitality is almost too oppressive. There is a common practice of inviting guests to come to all the meals during the day, those who came to breakfast going away and returning to dinner, and then to supper. At the evening meal, there is extraordinary festivity.

As regards occupation, the exiles are provided with lots of arable land near the town, which they cultivate with the assistance of hired labor. The only difficulty is getting men or women to work for mere money. Even the poorest Siberians require to be coaxed to labor by frequent feasts of pies, soup, and other dainties; to which festivities a zest is given by a concert of fiddles and flutes, and dancing for hours afterwards. By help of such attractions the Baron was able to cultivate his farm and breed herds of cattle, for which there was a good market. These rural occupations contributed materially to improve his health, which had been enfeebled by previous captivity.

Thus matters went on in an even tenor until a day or two before Christmas, 1836, when, in crossing the frozen courtyard of his house, his foot slipped, and, in falling, one of his legs was dislocated at the hip-joint. Lifted and carried in by his servants, the anguish he endured was frightful, and, to his dismay, there was no surgeon in the town who knew what to do. This heavy calamity produced a lameness, with constant pain; and the poor Baron, consumed with anxiety about his wife and children, could walk but feebly on crutches.

In the gloomy condition which followed this untoward accident, there came a gleam of hope. The Grand-duke Alexander, son of Nicholas, and who is now emperor, visited Kurgan in June, 1837, in the course of a journey to Siberia. He was known to be a man of a less despotic and exacting character than his father, and was inclined to be kind and conciliatory in all his dealings. The Baron, like some other unhappy exiles, trusted that by proper representations he might induce the prince to procure a remission of his sentence. He accordingly made efforts to gain an audience of the prince during his short stay. His attempts were unavailing, but the unfortunate invalid had the happiness of becoming acquainted with Shukowsky, the eminent Russian poet, who acted as tutor and companion to the prince. Partly through his influence, the Baron and some other political exiles were restored to a qualified degree of liberty. Nicholas permitted them to quit Siberia and enter the ranks as soldiers in the army serving in the Caucasus.

So far as Rosen was concerned, the act of liberation was little else than a mockery. How could a poor wretch who crept about on crutches act as a soldier? He did not, however, lose the chance of gaining his freedom, and forthwith set out by slow stages with his family—he reclining on peculiarly shaped pillows—to accomplish a fresh journey of more than two thousand miles to the vicinity of the Black Sea. Passing through Tiflis, where things began to assume an Oriental aspect, the wretched exiles at length arrived at their destination, Biely Klutsh. Here the Baron was incorporated in a Mingrelian Jager regiment, but meanwhile classed as an invalid, and left to gain strength, if possible, at the invigorating sulphur baths of Pjatigorsk.

The baths had a beneficial effect, without, however, curing the lameness, and a benevolent doctor urged the propriety of applying for a discharge from military engagements. By friendly assistance, the discharge was procured. The order for release came in January, 1839, and Baron Rosen was allowed to return home and live the life of a private person, under police surveillance, after an exile which had extended over thirteen years.

Such is a rapid summary of a narrative which affords an instructive insight into the system of judicial exile in Russia. Possibly, since 1839, under the mild and intelligent sway of the present emperor, the system has undergone some desirable modifications; at the best, however, it cannot fail to be fraught with horror, of which we in this country can entertain but an imperfect conception.

Life in Utah.

Some interesting facts about the inner workings of the peculiar institution of Utah came out in a recent lecture by Mrs. Stenhouse, who found herself duplicated and triplicated through the religious zeal of her husband. The lecturer was proud to say that the Mormon women did not willingly accept polygamy. They were betrayed into obeying a revelation which was said to come from God, which made it necessary for their salvation and exaltation in heaven that they should give to their husbands other wives even though that act of obedience should crucify themselves; and they were betrayed by that abnegation which women have always shown in a religious cause. The more alluring doctrine of a kinship of spirit, the assertion that all women must have husbands in order to be saved, and that true marriage was not for time only, but for all eternity were taught.

The first symptom of coming polygamy that is perceivable by the first wife is generally a little quiet sighing on the part of the husband. He becomes very serious. His mind evidently occupied. He exhibits a more than usual zeal for faith. He goes regularly to church. He becomes concerned about his future kingdom. "Coming events cast their shadows before." If in good circumstances, he is certain to bring home some present, and he tells his "sweet little wife" how much he loves her, that "she fills his heart," and that he "is so happy in her affection." When a wife in Utah hears this kind of language she may be certain that there is another revelation awaiting her. The affectionate husband becomes very reflective and observing. His Brother Jones has three wives, Brother Smith two, and Brother Robinson, who has not been half so many years in the church as he has, has even four wives, while he, poor man, has only one. He then begins very gently with, "This will never do, my dear, we are not living our religion. I am sometimes afraid that the anger of the Lord will be kindled against us." He makes his wife feel that it is as much her duty as his. He asks his wife which of all the young girls of her acquaintance would make a good wife—a pleasant companion for her—one who would respect her. He mentions half a dozen, one of whom he has determined upon, and that one is seclected. The wife, of course, is not deceived; she feels that opposition is useless. Soon the husband has meetings to attend, business engagements after business hours. He is seen walking or riding with a young girl, and then she feels that she has been deceived, and her idol is broken. If a man has twenty wives he makes the last one believe she is his first and only loye.

There is a class of women in Utah professedly devoted to polygamy, as they are to faith in Christ, who act as drill-sergeants to the other women. These lead Morman polygamic society and get up memorials to Congress, etc. They form what is called the Female Relief Society, and to women who object to marriage they say, "Would it not be better for you to be one of the officers of a fine ship of war than to be the captain of a small fishing smack?" meaning it is better to be one of the wives of a great man than the only wife of an obscure man.

A broken-hearted wife went to Miss Eliza R. Snow—one of the wives of Brigham Young—and told her the misery of her life.

"I cannot endure it," exclaimed the unhappy woman.

"But you must endure it," said her comforter.

"It will kill me, I know it will!" she uttered, in despair.

"Then you will wear a martyr's crown, sister," replied this soulless woman.

In Utah it is no uncommon thing to find a wife's own sister or sisters brought home as wives, and some mothers have been obliged to give their own daughters to be wives to their husbands. Brigham Young once admitted to Hepworth Dixon that he saw no objection to brothers and sisters marrying.

Boiling Hot Water for a Joker.

There is a lawyer in San Francisco who, for the accommodation of his clients, has a speaking tube leading from the main entrance of his building to his office, which is just up a few flights. For several days past a smart young man named Swartz has amused himself by calling for the lawyer through the pipe, and then profanely ordering him to set out on an expedition to Tartarus. For some time this fun was taken in good part by the legal expounder of the new code until the fine humor of the joke no longer became apparent.

Accordingly, one afternoon, the disciple of Blackstone provided himself with a teakettle of water, heated to about 210 degrees, Fahrenheit, and waited alongside the pipe. Pretty soon the old, familiar sound came up through the pipe, "Say, cap., how's tricks?"

"Tricks is better now—I guess he'll get well," responded the lawyer, reaching out after the teakettle.

"What's been the matter with him?"

"He got burnt."

"How?"

"I'll tell you in a minute."

"Oh, you go to Hades."

The lawyer had finished his last sentence and then let a quart of scalding water down the pipe. Swartz had his mouth over it, concluding his objurgation, and when the water struck it he was somewhat surprised. Water was not apt to surprise him, but hot water was an unexpected novelty.

The man above poured in water for about a minute and then looked out of the window. The smart young man was getting along the sidewalk at a pretty lively gait, having evidently just got up from a sitting posture. He was trying to yell "Police," but couldn't articulate with much success. About half an hour afterward he found himself able to speak, and inquired, "Did that boiler explosion hurt anybody?"

At a cavalry drill near Fort Scott, Kan., the horse of Private McGee became unmanageable, and dashed furiously against the steed of Sergeant Maher, both riders receiving injuries which proved mortal within a few hours.

Gen. Jim Lane, of Kansas.

A Kansas letter speaking of the late Gen. Jim Lane, one of the early border men of that State, says: Lane sleeps under the shadow of the State University of Kansas, amid the memories that he made famous and that made him great. He was a great man. It made no odds how well you knew the intrinsic debauchery of his life or the cursedness of his character, you could not stand in his rugged presence without a feeling of awe and a respect born of admiration for the very qualities in him which in other men are despised and loathed. Edwin Forrest was not his superior in dramatic intensity and impetuosity. He commanded men as a lion or tiger might awe lesser beasts. He could walk into a crowd that welcomed him with the clicking of a hundred revolver locks, and in five minutes every man in that crowd would have spilled the blood right out of his own heart in fighting for Jim Lane. He could stand mute before a hissing and groaning mob, and in two minutes you could have heard the breath of love in the air rustle the scented tresses of a maiden in the hush which would be there. He could stand before an audience, speaking to them with those great, cavernous eyes of his, while his lips were shut and still, raise his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would sit down obedient to the wonderful electricity of his will. He was one of those men whose utter failure to comprehend that there is such a thing as danger made his courage of no particular credit to him. His impulses ruled him utterly, and he could never see anything between himself and the object he sought. If there was an obstacle, he always looked right over the top of it, and walked over or through it with the same unheeding unconcern. The possibility that there was or might be anything which he could not overcome, was a suspicion that his mind had no room to entertain. And when he pulled the trigger of his own Derringer, with its cold muzzle against his lips, I doubt if he realized that there was any danger in the act. The narrowest escape Gen. Jim had was when Lawrence, his home, was sacked during the war. Jim was one of the men watched particularly, but in his night clothes he escaped from the back door, just as the attacking party were thundering at the front. Gen. Jim escaped to his corn field near the house, the pursuers close upon his heels. The darkness of the night and short time allowed the pursuers, favored him, and Gen. Jim Lane escaped to still further figure in the history of his State.

It is true that just after the first Bull Run fight, a Wisconsin Governor proposed to make Lane Colonel of a regiment of his troops. Gen. Sherman heard of it, and taking the Governor to a knoll in front of his head-quarters, he pointed to the lunatic asylum on the Washington side, simply saying, "Governor, if you want a crazy Colonel for your regiment, go there and get one—don't take Jim Lane." Lane did not get that regiment.

Increase of Domestic Manufactures.

Probably no increase in the development of national wealth has been shown in the history of the world equal to that presented by the United States during the last decade. During that period, the values of the annual products of the country have risen from $1,885,861,776, in 1860, to $4,232,325,442, in 1870, or an increase of 133 per cent.—nearly double that of the former decade. If we analyze this increase of wealth, we find that the proportion of growth in the great manufacturing States of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Connecticut, is nearly the same, or about 103 per cent. In New York the increase is more than double that of the former decade, being 103 per cent., against 46 per cent. in that period, the growth of manufacturihg wealth being more than seven times that of the white population, which was 13.01 per cent. Massachusetts, again, shows an increase of wealth of 103 per cent., against 75 per cent. in the former decade, or nearly six times that of the population, which was 18.15 per cent. Ohio makes much less gain over the former decade, being 103 against 95 per cent., or about eight times that of the population. In Connecticut the increase is 100 against 75 per cent., or about six times that of the population. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Maine offer a greater increase of manufacturing wealth than the former States. The increase in Pennsylvania is 140 against 90 per cent., or about seven times that of the growth of population; in New Jersey 120 against 95 per cent., or not quite four times its growth of population; in Rhode Island 190 against 90 per cent., or not quite eight times its increase of population; in Maine 110 against 60 per cent.

In a Chimney.

Mr. Turner, of England, will not amuse his children next Christmas with stories of Santa Claus; because he is disgusted with that fabulous person. Last Christmas he determined to surprise the little ones by descending the chimney and playing Santa Claus for their benefit. So he dressed himself in a fur overcoat, loaded up with toys, went out on the roof and jumped into the flue. When he was about half-way down he stuck, and could go neither one way nor the other. Then he began to yell for help. Mrs. Turner's brother, who lived in the house, thought it was a burglar, and he fired both the barrels of his gun up the chimney at him. And then Turner felt more dissatisfied than at first. The neighbors thought from the excitement that the chimney must be on fire, and in ten minutes the fire department was out, and sixteen half-inch streams were pouring down the flue on Turner. Then he wanted to get out worse than ever. At last, when the truth was known, they tried to lift him out with a rope, but without avail; and eventually they were compelled to unbuild half of the upper part of the house to release him. It cost him one hundred pounds for repairs and wear and tear of body and mind. And now he don't care whether Christmas ever comes or not.

New Jersey has 130 iron mines.

A Veteran Hangman.

For many years Calcraft was the executioner in London, and he sent many men into eternity. He was known as the London hangman, and received $5 per week as a salary and $50 for every execution. Besides this, the clothing of his victim was the hangman's perquisites. Isaacs was the hangman of the New York Tombs for many years, and his victims number, we believe, twelve. Isaacs was an old man-of-war's man, a thorough sailor, and in all of his executions he never bungled. He went at his work methodically, and when an execution was to take place, experimented with weights until everything was perfect. After an execution he might be seen with the rope on his shoulders, showing spectators how the fatal knot was tied and how the result came. None of his victims failed to break their necks in the fall, and the knot never slipped. The sheriff usually paid Isaacs $150 for each execution, and other presents were made him. The newspapers of New York city abused the sailor so much about his occupation that he one day took an oath he would never hang another man, and he could not be induced to. It is stated that on the occasion of an execution, a sheriff who feared bungling work offered Isaacs a one thousand dollar bill if he would act as executioner, but the sailor refused, and no money could induce him even to give his advice to the new hangman. Since Isaacs' day most of the executions have been attended with unpleasant if not really distressing circumstances, outside of those that naturally belong to such affairs.

Police Lodgers.

Every night of the year an average of two hundred and sixty men and women, outcasts of society, destitute strangers and incorrigible vagrants find shelter and rest in the various police station-houses of New York city. Seventy-five per cent. of these lodgers are undeserving of aid, but it is preferable to have them under police surveillance at night than to allow them to roam about the streets and take advantage of the carelessness of servants to commit petty depredations. Ten per cent. of the worst class, as investigations show, are either professional mendicants or are boarded by relatives, and in the course of the year acquire a knowledge of every station-house in the city. The rule in station-houses has been, where the applicant for lodgings is known to be undeserving and has for several nights in succession been accommodated, to prefer a charge of vagrancy against him or her and let a magistrate act. Vicissitudes of trade and labor have much to do in the winter months in filling the station-houses with lodgers. Of the 25 per cent. of honest lodgers the bulk consists of strangers to the city looking for employment and of emigrants waiting for funds from or intelligence of friends. There appears to be but little inclination on the part of the ward detectives to become acquainted with and classify the numerous petty thieves who, when out of luck, claim the station-houses as their homes.

Fun at Home.

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people. Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts lest a happy laugh should shake down some of the musty cobwebs there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and degradation.

Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home ever delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Men of Action.

Some men seem to be sent into the world for purposes of action only. Their faculties are all strung up to toil and enterprise; their spirit and their frame are alike redolent of energy. They pause and slumber like other men, but it is only to recruit from actual fatigue; they occasionally want quiet, but only as a refreshment to prepare them for renewed exertion, not as a normal condition to be wished for or enjoyed for itself. They need rest, not repose. They investigate and reflect, but only to estimate the best means of attaining their ends, or to measure the value of their undertaking against its cost; they think, they never meditate. Their mission, their enjoyment, the object and condition of their existence, is work; they could not exist here without it; they cannot conceive another life as desirable without it. Their amount of vitality is beyond that of ordinary men; they are never to be seen doing nothing; when doing nothing else they are always sleeping. Happy souls! Happy men, at least!

A Brutal Man.

The confession of John M. Osborne, who was hung at Galesburg, Ill., for the murder of Mrs. Mathews, is somewhat remarkable. It appears that it was thought desirable by certain parties to put Mrs. Mathews out of the way, as she was a witness in important cases. A perfect stranger approached Osborne and offered him first a smaller sum and then $5,000 to do the deed. He higgled and hesitated, and finally consented, and did the deed under circumstances of shocking and unmentionable brutality. He had not the least grudge against the poor woman; he did the bloody work solely for the pay. It is believed that he had before served a term in the Iowa Penitentiary.

Facts and Fancies.

There are 151,876 bodies resting in Greenwood Cemetery.

Helen Josephine Mansfield's claim against Bowles Brothers amounts to $11,000.

Over 25,000 persons took part in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in New York.

The New York Editorial Association hold their next convention at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

In the West newspaper editors sell their bad debts at auction for cash to the highest bidder.

General Jesse C. Horton, long prominent in Pennsylvania politics, died at the age of seventy-six.

The Menagerie wild animals are just beginning to escape in time for the spring advertisements.

Mayor Havemeyer of New York, lately married a couple of Germans, whose united ages exceeded 125 years.

Another Indian war is threatened. This time it is the Yakimas, of Oregon, who object to go on a reservation.

It is proposed in Alabama to exempt all widows from taxation whose property does not exceed $10,000 in value.

A Scranton, Pa., coal miner, named August Mayfortt, committed suicide by throwing himself down a shaft 400 feet deep.

Two boys and a man were run over and killed in Louisville by the horses of a circus wagon, which were running away.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided in favor of the constitutionality of the Local Option law of the State.

One effect of the local election in Utica was to set about two hundred disappointed office-seekers at work cleaning sidewalks.

A new paper in Texas starts out with the announcement that "in religion we are the conservative, and we intend to adhere to the cash system."

Josh Billings gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if your mustach don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustach duz the best nothing else duz so well.

A young lady in New York city took the romantic notion into her head that it would be a good thing to take Foster's place on the gallows, and actually begged that she might act as his substitute.

"Reckless" is the mild term by which they characterize the Minneapolis auditor. He paid $500 more for getting the tax-list printed than it could have been done for, and the man who got the contract paid the auditor $300. These men are in training for Congress, evidently.

A complete account of the cruise in search of the steamer George S. Wright confirms the fears entertained from the first, that she has been lost in the Pacific with all on board. Portions of the wreck of a steamer have been seen scattered along the coast hundreds of miles north of Cape Caution, where it is supposed the vessel was lost, and a sign-board with the name of the missing steamer painted thereon was picked up by the captain of the steamer Gussie Telfair.

Startling News from Cuba.

The Cuban war for independence promises soon to be settled in the interests of the people of the Ever-Faithful isle. Our advices from Washington, as well as information received from authentic sources, warrant us in stating that some startling revelations will shortly be made in connection with the relations of Cuba to Spain. There is every reason for believing that we shall soon hear of determined efforts on the part of the Cubans for driving out the Spanish officials; and the prospects are undoubtedly in favor of the success of the former. The following points may be relied upon:

1. That active negotiations are now on foot between the Government of the United States and the Spanish authorities, having in view the independence of Cuba, upon the payment of a certain sum of money by the Cubans—this debt to be guaranteed by the United States.

2. But in the meantime, in order to render the Spaniards more willing to come to terms, the Cubans will make a desperate effort to rid themselves of the offensive domination under which they have so long suffered. The season is now opening most favorably for field operations, hence lively news may shortly be expected from the scene of hostilities.

3. The sailing of several expeditions, which have been quietly organizing of late in the United States, may be anticipated. These expeditions have for their objective points such ports as are nearest to the insurgent headquarters. There they will rendezvous, there they will land their stores and munitions—thus giving great aid and comfort to the Cubans.

The domestic difficulties of Spain have rendered it impossible for the Spanish Government to send forward men and ships of war to the West Indian waters. Besides, if she could send men, it is certain death to consign raw troops to Cuba. As is well known, the death rate among the unacclimatized Spanish soldiers is fearfully heavy. The number who have died in Cuba since the commencement of hostilities is estimated at 60,000, and a still larger proportion have been disabled. Yet unless supplies of soldiers are kept up the Spaniards cannot hold the island a year longer. These points, it is understood, have been fully discussed in the secret sessions of the Senate, and that body is prepared to support the views of the government upon this momentous topic. In the meantime, General Sickles has fully comprehended the situation; and while he was very prompt in congratulating the authorities at Madrid upon the change to a republican form of government, he lost no time in taking measures for securing Cuba to the Cubans. He has been zealously forwarding such delicate negotiations as are briefly sketched above. So the public may look for startling news, at any time, in regard to the Queen of the Antilles.—*N. Y. Paper.*